

Visitation: 11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.
Thursday, December 14, 2017
Reck Funeral Home - Miller, South Dakota

Prayer Service: 1:00 p.m.
Thursday, December 14, 2017
Reck Funeral Home - Miller, South Dakota

Casketbearers:
Alex Nelson - Dan Nelson - Jeremy Oliver

Honorary Casketbearer:
Leo Istas

Interment:
Hillcrest Cemetery
Miller, South Dakota

*Following the burial, the family invites you to the First
Presbyterian Church for refreshments and fellowship*

*Arrangements Entrusted To
Reck Funeral Home - Miller, South Dakota
www.familyfuneralhome.net*



Remembering
THE LIFE OF

Marvin Nelson

December 8, 1946 - December 6, 2017

Marvin Nelson, 70, of Miller, passed away Wednesday, December 6, 2017 at his home.

Marvin Arthur Nelson was born on Dec. 8, 1946 to Rex D. and Frieda (Huckfeldt) Nelson in Pierre, SD. He lived near Iron Nation in rural Lyman County and in 1957 he moved with his family to the Seattle area. He attended Mountlake Terrace High School in Mountlake, WA and graduated in 1964.

While growing up, Marvin spent his summers in South Dakota and after graduating high school; he attended Northern State College in Aberdeen. He completed his bachelor's degree in education in 1970 and went on to teach in Pierre, SD, Milesville, SD and Lower Brule, SD, schools. He joined the Soil Conservation Service in the early '80s and worked in Lyman, Davison and Hand counties until his retirement in 2007.

Marvin married Micaela Gillaspie on Oct. 21 1972 at St. William's Catholic Church in Midland, SD. They lived in Pierre, and later Milesville, Kennebec and Mitchell, SD. They had three children, Dan, Mariah and Alex. Marvin moved in Miller in 1992 and they later divorced.

Marvin was a regular blood donor and drove the Disabled American Veterans van to the VA hospital in Sioux Falls, SD. As a long-time Cubs fan, he was thrilled to see his beloved Cubbies win the World Series in 2016. In his free time Marvin loved building his ideal ranch in 1:64th scale in his living room. After retirement Marvin regularly solved the world's problems with his friends over a cup of coffee at the Ranch Café in Miller.

He is survived by his three children, Dan Nelson of Mitchell, SD; Mariah and Jeremy Oliver of Paullina, IA; and Alex and Courtney Nelson of Hot Springs, SD; five grandchildren; Edie, Ian, and Owen Oliver of Paullina, IA and Hazel and Margaret Nelson of Hot Springs, SD; his brothers, Russell and Terri Nelson of Selah, WA; and William and Maureen Nelson of Monroe, WA; two aunts, Cynthia Fuller of Fort Pierre, SD and Norma Jean Junkman of Camas, WA; and one uncle Calvin Nelson, of Pierre and countless cousins, nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his parents; Rex D. and Frieda Nelson, one sister, Merrial Thares, of Marshall, MN, and 14 aunts and uncles.

A Cowboy's Prayer *By Badger Clark*

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood that day
You finished so long ago
And looked upon your work and called it good.

I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a partner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask for a life that soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!

Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hawse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!

Forgive me Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.

Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.